

FEBRUARY

1989

NO. 002



FREE

an
applegoon production

Local Tape Reviews

Welcome to the
4-Track Revolution

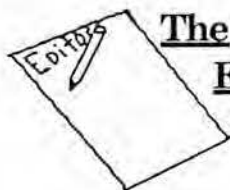
Some supposed
prose



IpsO facto
Interview

'Zine Reviews

World News Digest



The Editor's Column

Hello, all. Welcome to the second issue of GAJOOB. There's been a bit of a format change (from digest size to standard). It's a little bit smaller (amount of stuff) overall too. This was done so that I can begin to get an issue out every three weeks or so-- so we'll see how that goes....

GAJOOB is published monthly by Applegoon Productions.

©1989 Bryan Baker.

Subscription info: You can receive subsequent or back issues of GAJOOB in the mail for \$1/issue ppd. Just state which issue(s) you want. Current or back issues are sent the same day they are requested.

Contributions are most eagerly accepted, and will be returned when sent with a SASE.

Applegoon projects in the works:

See the Classifieds in this issue for details of a new, local **Amateur Press Association** publication beginning soon.

See the ad in this issue for the upcoming **Salt Lake City recording artists compilation tape**. We need your original works for consideration now. 4-Trackers especially, but not exclusively. I'm hoping this can become a regular sort of thing. Write or call for more info if needed.

GAJOOB is always in need of your **prose and such**. I'm also looking towards publishing a book of **underground poetry, short stories and other things**. Send something in, I'm anxious to see it.

GAJOOB also needs **art, photos, interviews** and anything else you think worthy of consideration.

GAJOOB is looking for local recording artists to feature in our Home Studio Profile column. Please let us know you're out there, and we'll let our readers know too.

GAJOOB stickers are available for 50 cents for a sheet of 10 stickers. Or free if you send in a letter for our letters column. Letters can be about anything, by the way.

GAJOOB t-shirts are also available for \$10. Please note size. It's a picture of our logo on the back (white on black).

Special thanks to Chris Curtis and Wayne Branch for their wonderful art used in this issue. Also Wayne Baker and Chris Williams' father for poetry, and to all the letters and 'zines-- keep them coming!



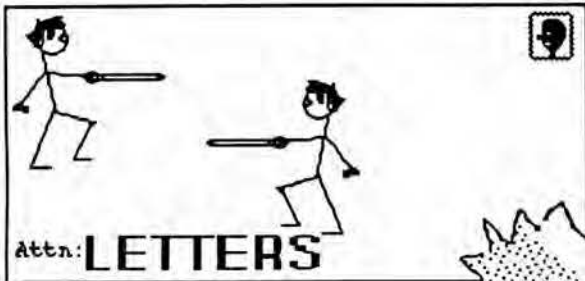
In mid-January I received a notice in my PO Box from Alexander Lemski, Colorado Correspondent of Cadence Magazine, "For the demanding listener of creative, improvised music." This particular notice was announcing Ron Miles and his "Trio Plus" playing at Artists Research Center (gallery), 1836 Blake St., Downtown Denver on February 5th at 8pm. This show being a little too close to GAJOOB's publication date, I figure I'll just give a little plug for his improvised jazz cause by telling everyone who's interested that they can contact Alex for news on other shows or any related happenings by writing to him at 1762 Spruce T., Denver, CO 80220, or by calling (303)394-3210 evenings or weekends.

'In the landscape of the soul there is a desert, a wilderness, an emptiness, and all great singers must cross this desert to reach the beginning of their road. Jesus. Buddha. Moses. Mohammed. All wandered through the wasteland, speaking to demons, speaking to empty air, listening to the wind, before finding their dove, their bo tree, their stone tablets, before finding their true voice. I have hope for you exactly because I see you have entered this desert, following in the footsteps of those few who have been true teachers.'

--Ray Faraday Nelson, 1984
Chop Wood. Carry Water

A strange thing happened to me today.
I saw a big thunder cloud
Move down over Half Dome,
And it was so big and clear
And brilliant
That it made me see many things that were
Drifting around inside of me....
I wish the thunder cloud had moved up....
And let loose on you;
I could wish you nothing finer.
--Ansel Adams, 1937

Cover art by Chris Curtis



Don't Mind the Vultures

The vultures circled
And the corpse beckoned them downward
They ripped at the pale skin
The blood spewed and sprayed in random directions
The thin smile opened
And the tongue jutted out
And the sun hovered like a hammer
And I didn't care.....

I was dead.

--Bryan Baker

GooGooGaijooB, Bryan,

Thank for the zine. You did a good job with the interview. It came out sounding a lot better than I remembered it. Enclosed is a picture of the band for your collection of bad experimental bands from Utah.

Brent Johnson

Theatre of Ice

Dear Bryan,

Howdy, happy holidays and such. What's happening with GJJOOB? When do you plan to have the next issue out? I listened to that Heather Perkins tape. I like some of it, but too much of it comes across as digital doodling. I may write her anyway.

Mike Carlson

Super Cheap Dense 'Zine

Dear Bryan Baker,

Thank you for sending me the first issue of GJJOOB. I have enjoyed it very much, and I must say that you have done an extremely superb job. It's just about the best first issue I've ever seen, and that's coming from someone that has a huge 'zine collection, so you know I'm being judgemental. The way your first issue looks makes it look like you could have been doing publications for years. I wish you all the luck in the world, and I look forward to #2, etc.....

Also, thanx for the good review.

Your friend,

Duncan

Duncan puts out a local 'zine called Growing (4936 West Point Way, West Valley City, UT 84120) which everyone should most definitely check out. It covers the art scene as well as music leaning towards hardcore and the like. I recently got a letter from someone in Nashville, who asked for GJJOOB #1 from a recommendation from Duncan, which I thought was extremely cool.

I've been anxiously awaiting a letter in the mail from a close friend. We've been talking about writing to each other, even though we both live here in Salt Lake. We wrote to each other for a month between the time he moved here from Logan, where we went to college, until I moved here also.

So I get this letter in my PO Box today (Jan. 26, 1989), addressed to Scorpio from Lacey Lovette. My friend's name is Joe, by the way. I thought it was from him, because we play games with names on our letters, and the handwriting is similar to his. And, in fact, half way through the letter I'm still believing it's from him, but thinking he's milking it a little dry. When I finished reading the letter, I decided it wasn't actually from him at all, and finally looked on the envelope and discovered that the letter had been sent to the wrong post office zip code.

Anyway, here's the letter. Hope you like it.....

Ebony Lesbian:

Hello there pretty lady! I would be very interested in meeting you if possible. I am a white male who cross dresses as a female. However, I do enjoy the warmth of a woman and everything she has to offer. I am open minded and enjoy things which loving and being creative brings about.

First of all, I guess if you don't want to write to a transvestite then go ahead and throw this letter away. But if you do keep on reading this, then maybe you might write me and tell me a little about yourself.

Besides being a transvestite, I like traveling up in the mountains on dirt roads, camping, watching wild life, fishing, having sex out in the open. I like oral, anal, using things like vibrators, ticklers, things that the lady will like to use for her happiness.

My aim in having sex is to do all the right things that the lady wants to have happen. I like to please the lady I'm with. But it does take a special woman who also likes to be creative and do things to help. I like to

see legs, tits or whatever can be seen in innocence. I am very discrete as well, and would like to hear from you.

If you would like to write, then write to.....

I'll wait for your letter if interested and write you and if possible call you if you give me a number to call.

Bye for Now,

Lacey

Greetings Bryan,

I just wanted to say thank you for the Ipsa Facto review in your first GJJOOB mag.

Hey, life is semi-real here in Madisonia Wisconsin. I loved the first edition of GJJOOB.

From the tip of my runny nose to the bottom of my smelly feet,

I am

Facto



Get Your Official
100% Homegrown Tee
Blk. on Red, Gr. or Yell.
Sm., Med., Lg., X-Lg.
\$10 Donation Plus \$2.00

Postage & Handling.
Self Addressed
Stamped Envelope

TEACH! THAT OTHERS MAY LEARN
Let Utah Know Theres More To It Than Just Smoke
Enter the **1989 CANNABIS SCIENCE FAIR**
Easy Entry - Easy Rules - Easy Education

- ★ Must somehow show association with Cannibus
- ★ May cover any topic - You just have to tie it in
- ★ May not exceed 3' x 3' without prior approval
- ★ Must be registered by March 19th 1989
- ★ \$100 Grand Prize - \$75 2nd - \$50 3rd & 5 \$25 Consolation

Medicine • Energy • Environment • Food • History
Animal Testing • Paper • Birds • Hemp • Bible ect., ect.

For More Information & Ideas 1-801-254-0278 or Write Mood For A Day
P. O. Box 903 • W. Jordan, Utah 84084

Rolling Contest ★★ April 1st ★★ Omnibus Protest

INTERVIEW

IPSO FACTO INTERVIEW

IPSO FACTO is a group of two cassette artists. *Ipsos* lives in Salt Lake and *Facto* lives in Madison, Wisconsin. They just released their first tape, called 'Something New'. It is currently my favorite independent tape. The tape has a loose concept around anti-commercialism, which is discussed in the following interview, among other things. This interview was arranged by *Ipsos* using a wonderful thing called, 'conference calling.'

Me
Ipsos
Facto

Well, I got our tapes off to Grunts and Postures today.
Oh, really?
And there was another girl there, and she heard it, and she said it was really good.
Really?
She really liked it, yeh.
Uh-oh.
That's funny.
How much are you selling it for?
Five.
Who did you talk to there? Was it the same guy?
No, he wasn't there this time, so I just gave her the tapes and she took it from there, and I left.
Hey, Bryan, I liked your magazine. It's cool. I showed it to this girl at work and she said, 'That's different.'
All right!
Your know, that 'different' syndrome.
Where do you work at?
I drive a big, old truck.
Oh yeh? You're a delivery guy?
Yeh.
That's what I do.
Fun, huh?
'Cept I don't drive a big truck. I just drive a van.
I have done that too.
Do you like that?
Yeh, it's okay. It's better than nothing.
That's true.
Cos I've experienced that.
Well, sometimes it's better than something, too.
'Nothings' a drag.
Well, should we start?
I thought we already did.
Oh, did we?

-laughter-
Okay, I guess I'll ask you a real question....
What is the "Something" in "Something New"?
Well, Facto?
It's your song.
Uh, "Something New"?-- what's the "Something"?
Yeh.

Uh, something is, um something is, um, simply that. We don't know what "Something" is. We're trying to figure out what "Something" is, anything that's new, we're desperately hoping for. Something to push along the music so that we don't run out of tonality, or we don't run out of... what am I trying to say? I sound like a retard. -laughter-
Uh, so we don't run out of sounds, so that we always have something new and fresh to keep the music alive. And that's kind of the basis of what... I don't know-- help me out, Facto-- you know: rock 'n' roll, or what we're trying to do. Just keep something fresh, and something new.

Why the name, "Ipsos Facto"?
You'll have to take that one, Facto.
Because it's perfect.
Perfect for what?
Because no one can explain it. You can read it in the dictionary seven times, and you'll never understand it.
So it's like you-- hard to understand?
Yeh, basically.
You don't want to be pigeon-holed into anything then, right?
Right.

What's the meaning of "Democratic Music"?
Ipsos Facto have a blurb on their tape which reads, "May democratic music prevail... Anonymity represents majority!"
Democratic music..... Let me think....

-laughter-
Did you guys give any thought to that little quote on your tape?
Are you kidding?
It takes a while for ideas to form so that they're solid. I know what it is, but I'm not sure quite how to explain it yet.
It's, um.... A music that frees the individual from.... oh, shoot, I got to switch phones....

Ipsos leaves his extension to switch phones.
What time is it in Wisconsin?

It's 11:11
So you guys are an hour ahead of us?
Yeh, one hour.

Ipsos comes on the other extension.
Okay, anyway....
What time does news come on there?
Oh, I don't know-- I don't watch TV.
How come?
TV's dull.
You watch Jeopardy!



art by Wayne Branch

City fathers in Salem, Virginia, once passed a law making it illegal to leave home without knowing where you were going.

No, I don't-- they don't have Jeopardy here. Oh, boney! Man, they don't have anything there, do they? I know. PBS is even a drag. Really? That sucks.... well, they don't have KBYU to compete with. I know, it's true, they only have one PBS station. That sucks. When you wrote "Stuck in Milwaukee" did you think you'd ever go back there voluntarily? No, I didn't think that there was even a chance in Hell. Why did you go back? God sent me. Really? Yeh. For what purpose? I don't know yet.... more refining, I guess. I think it was pretty mean of him. So what was the meaning, Ipso? Huh? What was the meaning? Of democratic music? Right. Okay, democratic music is basically freedom in your music to be what you want to be. To free the individual to do what they want to do in music, no matter how obnoxious that might be or how mainstream that might be. So that they can truly sing what comes from the heart and not be held prisoner by the industry or those who would make money off of them and become fat and greedy off of their talent. So that they're not bound by anybody. So they have a chance to do what they want to do. So they don't have to compromise so much that they don't even know how they are any more. I don't know-- it's a lot of things, and it's hard to encompass it into a little capsule like that, but that's basically what it is. Does that make sense? No. It doesn't? No. Can you hear me? No. -laughter- Oh, shoot. What is the "democratic"? That's what I'm wondering, too. In a political sense, "democratic" might mean that the majority rules. Yeh! Well, not only that, but I don't believe that music should be made to.... I don't think that music and money mix. You know what I mean? I think they're two different things, and people always try to put them together. You ask somebody if they're gonna be a musician, and they say, "Yeh, I'm gonna be a musician and I'm gonna make lots of money." You might say that commercial music is as democratic as music could possibly be, because the more commercial something is, the more people are "voting" with their dollars what goes and what doesn't. You might say that the Billboard Top 100 is the epitome of democratic music. Okay. When I think of "democracy" I'm not thinking necessarily of majority. I'm thinking of freedom. That's my thought. I'm thinking that mainstream music is like anything else. Say you go to an evil government-- the people will choose the side of the evil government because they have never been informed properly. Well, I don't agree that those people "choose" the evil government. But go on. Or they don't know what they like because they've never had the chance to decide because the ideas have been pushed upon them. Alright? And that's the same with music. I think people don't know what they like! They've always had a certain kind of music pushed upon them and so they've never had a chance to make up their own minds, to free themselves and realize what it is that they really want to hear and what it is they really like. Why do you feel you must be anonymous? It frees you more. So you are really going after freedom? Well, not only that, but it's also when people know who you are and what you look like, then, all of a sudden they're not listening to your message, but they're listening and looking at your image. And what we're trying to do is force people to listen to the message of what we're doing-- not look at the image. For instance, when the Sex Pistols came out, nobody even heard the words-- they were looking at Johnny Rotten. And, correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think Rotten wanted that; I think he wanted people to listen to what he was saying-- but instead they were into the punk image of the "look". So we're trying to get away from that. Don't you think you risk the chance that your anonymity may become an image itself? Look at KISS. -laughter- They were anonymous, but, on the other hand, I guess they went for total image. And on the other end of the spectrum, there's the Residents. But don't you think their anonymity has become an image too? Yeh, I think it has become.... But, as far as their music is concerned, they're probably as free as you could possibly be. Exactly. No one even knows their names. Each one of them is a "Resident", period. I guess it can work both ways....

You have a lyric that reads, "...the place I am not"-- where is the place you are not? That's from "Alone in My Room." I had to get myself back to when I was nineteen. I was in college, and "the place I am not" would have been any place other than the place I was in at the time I was writing it. It would more than likely be in the middle of nowhere-- which is trees and vastness and no homo sapiens. What are your thoughts on commerciality? I think it can be good or bad. I think it can be good and it can be bad. I liked the way The Beatles handled it. They didn't let it destroy their creativity. It was almost as if they were going against it at times. Right. Exactly. It's almost as if they were doing everything they could do to get away from it, yet it was still incredibly excellent. A lot of it was really good art. The exception was Paul McCartney; but he was a contributing factor too. Yeh, he wasn't too bad. Sometimes. What did you think of John Lennon's movie? The one about his life anyway. "Imagine"? I think it was really well done. It wasn't long enough. It could have been about another four hours. Yeh, they should have showed the seven minute film of his creation. -laughter- I think so, too. Why should people buy "Something New"? They shouldn't buy it, they should just experience it. Yeh. Do you want to say anything about the next project you're working on? The Walter Martin Cult? Yeh. It's the ultimate slam to one of the biggest liars that ever walked the face of the earth. Isn't he a religious guy of some sort? He's a religious manipulator who claims to be a spokesperson for God, yet he's full of lies and hypocrisy. And he's also on.... 1120 KANN-- because Christ lives. We would urge everyone to listen to Walter Martin. It's at 4 o'clock just about every day. I try to listen to it when I can. People call in from all across the country and Canada and ask him questions about the bible, and he knows all the answers. Is he based in Salt Lake? No. It comes from San Juan Capistrano, California-- Box 500, San Juan Capistrano, California 92693. I've listened to it for years. I'm disappointed 'cos they don't have it out here. No station will carry it. He's the ultimate anti-everything person. Except if the person in the religion is related to him. Right. What's the format for this project? The original concept was that it would be a ten-record set. -laughter- However, it will probably be a two-tape project. Yeh. We're gonna do one now, and maybe do another type album, and do another Walter later. It just depends. We want to take our time on the Walter Martin Cult because it's really important. It's probably one of the most important things we'll do. What else do you want to talk about? Oh, yeh, we'd like to say that on March 15 we'll be performing at Madison Square Garden. -laughter- So if anybody is interested.... Yeh, we'll be warming up for Loverboy. Alright! Sounds like a hot night. Then we're gonna kill them. -laughter- So what's with those Arbitrator guys? They've broken up. Oh.... I was in a music store the other day, and they had a notice up on the board asking for a bassist, a singer, and a drummer. Gee, do you think I could get a job with 'em? I'll bet you could. Go for it! I should. I could be a star, huh? You gotta reach for your fullest potential. Yeh. Top ten for me-- that's where I'm aiming. I just have one more comment. It's not really mine-- It's Ipso's--but I really liked it, so it got stuck in my head. And that's that music is sick and dying.... It's not dead yet; and we feel it our civil duty to supply it with its final dose of lethal injection to kill it, so that we can resurrect it. That's our slogan: KILL ROCK 'N' ROLL. Hey, words of Hope. Yup.

It Hurts Me Still

I haven't whispered since I was young
Nor shouted much
Those secret oaths that have now worn away
Like frightened fits of crying
And screams of innocent frustration
And boys who taunted like brothers
Never knowing how much it hurt

And never to know
How much it hurts me still
--Bryan Baker

The Stars Are These

One morning I looked up at the stars
At their crisp and startling brightness.
Noticing my experience of this and myself.
I regained some of what I had lost
By not noticing the stars were there.

On another day I watched a sunrise,
With its subtle awakening of life and warmth
While I in my drowsy state
Came to know my senses
By my coldness of the morning.

Then last night I watched the sun set
And waited for the dark.
As I looked upon the skyline there
Where still the light was strong
I came to know a little more
About why the stars are there.
--Dad, 11/3/88
to Chris Williams for her 1st birthday



The Salt Lake Underground Scene

Woe is me
For woe to the scene
The Salt Lake underground scene
I can't even cope
So give me a rope
For a noose
Complete loss of hope
Pretensions abound
All that's said is sound
The underground
Keep them down
Way down
Why not write what you know?
A simple fear of show
Oh no, they're looking at me
Five bands for five bucks?
Six bands for five bucks?
I don't know
I didn't go
To the show
Show and tell
A tale of nothing
What do they mean?
The Salt Lake underground scene.
--Wayne Baker



WELCOME TO THE 4-TRACK REVOLUTION

I have this thought that making songs of your own with a little portable 4-track can be so much more honest, and therefore, much more of a viable artform than commercially produced recordings. I figure that with all the pressures of money and all the infinite numbers of hangers-on that necessarily come with the territory of any commercial recording, a thing like the making of any sort of artistic statement in your work gets very difficult-- if not impossible.

I'm not saying that there simply aren't any commercially produced recordings that can qualify as art. Pink Floyd with Roger Waters put out some consistent stuff sometimes, Bruce Springsteen (no matter how passe' he might be right now) did some. There's the Beatles of course. It just seems like once the big record companies get their grabby hands on something really good, they have to ruin it with promotion. I'm not against promotion, as such; I guess it comes with the territory, and maybe it actually frees the artist to pursue his work with more purpose. But, is it just me, or does it seem to you that it hardly ever works out that way? Every artist gets caught up in the pursuit of promotion. I believe it's the nature of the beast of commerciality.

Now, with recording at home, and releasing your stuff yourself on a human level, this is where things that come with a singularity of purpose towards the pursuit of an honest and personal artistic statement can really be attained. I think this is because you are really free to do whatever your creative impulse begs you too. You're not tied to some thought in your head that might hamper that. You can go ahead and experiment with atonality.... or whatever.

And really, that's the whole key: you're free to experiment. That's the only way anyone can make any sort of a valid artistic work.

But there seems to be a problem attached to this. To be honest and brutally frank, there's a lot of shit on independent tapes. You get the feeling that people are too busy attempting to shock you or proving they're eclectic and, therefore, hip-- too busy doing that to be honest with themselves and to let that come out in their work. You almost start to think that you've got to be totally inaccessible no matter what (no matter what comes out as honest expression)-- or people will sluff you off as pandering to commerciality, and therefore, invalid. This is the Catch 22 allure of the underground. The attraction of it is that an artist is free to do as he or she pleases, but if this freedom leads to any infringement on what might pass as borderline commerciality or beyond-- it gets passed by and thrown in with all the other pure shit in commercial land no matter how honest the artist is or no matter how true to the heart the artistic statement really might be.

It would be wonderful if the words I'm writing would lead more listeners to test the waters of independently created tapes and other recordings-- but that is not my primary purpose here. My primary purpose is to encourage more of you out there with 4-tracks and the like, to go ahead and put together a tape, and then release it. I'm hoping that as more and more people do this, we can somehow build an environment where independent recordings are accepted as valid entities, and not just something you do to pass the time before you can get that big company contract. I actually think it's a waste of time (and a huge waste of money) to go into a studio and record something for an album. You can get good sound on a 4-track if that's what you're worried about. And the benefit of having total control over what comes out without having to worry about anything but that-- these benefits far outweigh the loss of technology (if there is actually any loss at all).

So please think about doing this. You know there is at least one person anxiously awaiting the outcome.

NEWS IN SALT LAKE

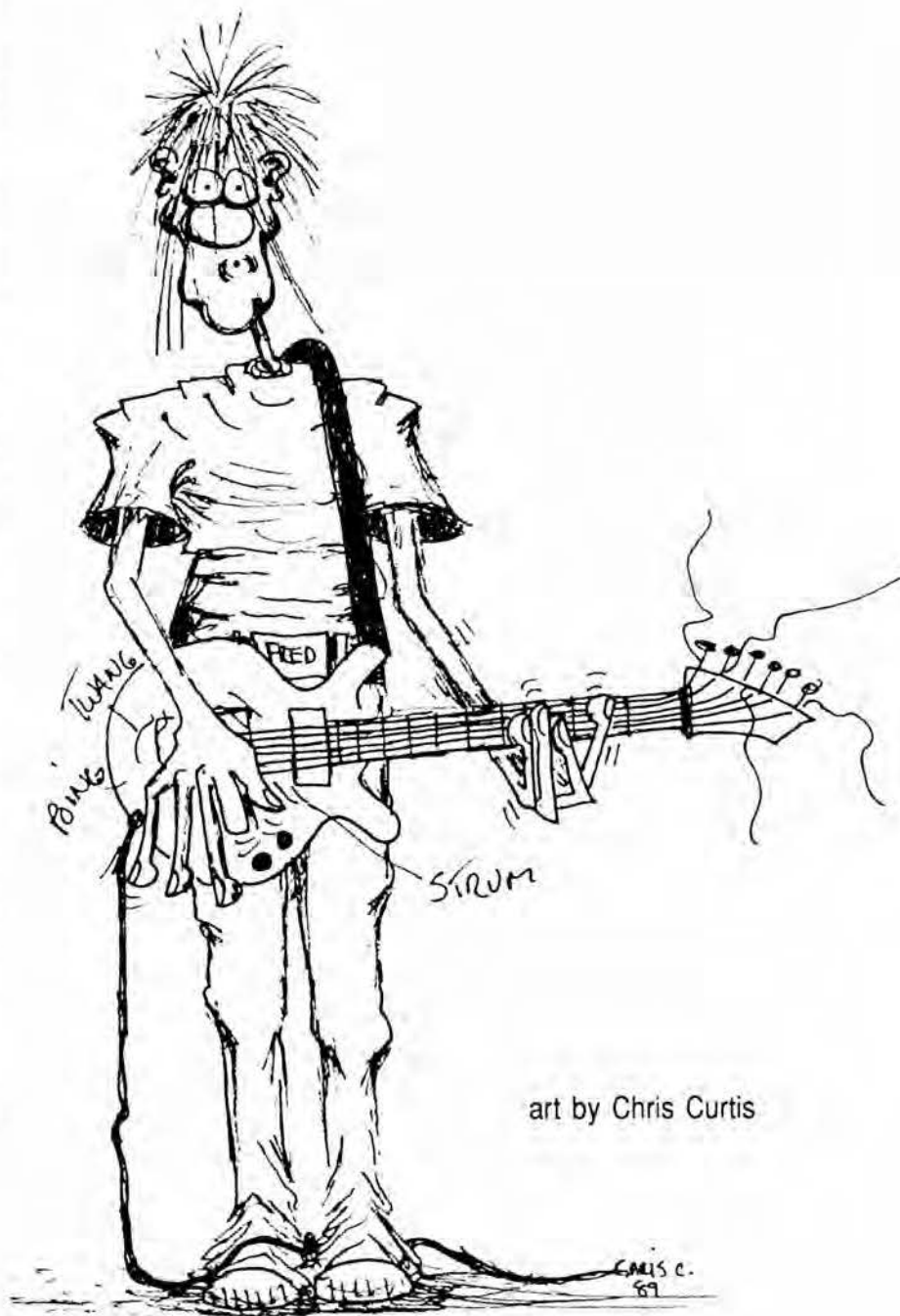
One officer was bitten and another shot in the toe Monday night (1-23-89) when Metro Narcotics Strike Force executed a "no-knock" search warrant in the Capitol Hill area of Salt Lake City.

When officers entered a residence at 134 W. 400 N. at 5:15 p.m. they were greeted by a pit bull which bit one of the officers on the arm, said Lt. Steve "Duffy" Diamond.

Three other officers immediately opened fire on the animal, Lt. Diamond said. The animal was killed but during the melee a second officer was shot in the toe.

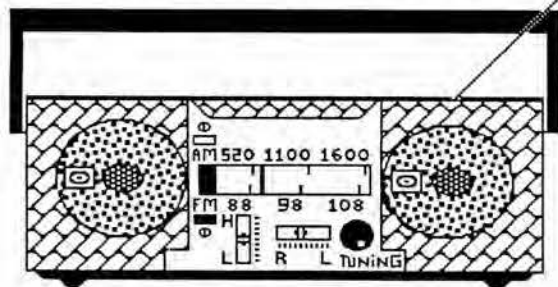
Both injured officers were treated and released from an area hospital. One male resident was taken into custody. It was unclear whether any contraband was seized.

--Salt Lake Tribune, 1/24/89



art by Chris Curtis

RADIO !



This month, I'm going to write about a wonderful show on KJQ called **Locals Only**. It comes on at 9:30 every Sunday night, 92.7 in Salt Lake City and other points on the dial in Ogden and in Provo. Laura is the host of this show that focuses on one local band and their original music for one half hour.

So far I have heard from The Box Car Kids, Dinosaur Bones, Spot and Matte Near.

I've learned that The Box Car Kids eschew political themes in their songs because they don't believe that anyone who doesn't have firsthand knowledge of such things has no business commenting on them. There is also someone in the band who hates the Gamma Rays because they rely on cover material and light TV theme parodies that get them booked into bars on a regular basis. They also commented on the comradery within the ever-flourishing alternative Salt Lake City band scene, and how people in other bands consistently support other alternative bands whenever they play, and that they wish more people would make the effort to come out to the shows instead of just going to the bars to see clones mimicking clones mimicking clones.

Dinosaur Bones are a quasi-hardcore band who write very well thought out songs with interesting structures and changing time signatures. They've gone into the studio and recorded material for an album which they don't really have the money to manufacture themselves, so they are looking for backing to enable them to do this; but will somehow put an album out in the Spring even if said backing is not forthcoming.

Spot is comprised of three people who make their living doing radio jingles. Their songs are in the modern music vein, with traces of Human League, Depeche Mode and the Cure among others very apparent. Their original material is so far strictly studio produced, and they have no definite plans to venture outside the studio and into your local bar; although they would be more than happy to have other bands play their material.

Matte Near (I hope I'm getting the name right), is a practicing cardiologist, doing biochemical research. He graduated from Harvard Medical School ten years ago. He recorded the songs Laura played on Locals Only in his living room, most of which were one-man band performances. Matte was, in my opinion, the most interesting person so far, as he seemed to be far more opinionated than the others have been. That may come from the fact that he is a solo artist, as opposed to the others being in bands and, therefore, possibly feeling a little constrained to show a band attitude or whatever. Matte's music is very much in the rockabilly style, and has an outstanding voice that made his songs enjoyable.

Another thing Matte's compositions have which seem to be lacking in most local bands' material is the strong presence of hooks. Granted, they weren't the most original hooks-- but they mined the rockabilly vein with exceptional quality.

I like Locals Only a lot. I make it a regular feature of my Sunday nights because it gives me an insight into the workings and ambitions of local bands which you can't get from simply seeing them at a bar or elsewhere. It is my impression that Laura knows or knows people who know these bands outside of her capacity as host of Locals Only. I would encourage her to make an effort to bring people on who aren't part of the cliquish alternative Salt Lake scene (although I have nothing against hearing more from these people also), such as people, like Matte, who record in their home for their own pleasure, or solo folk artists (the list goes on and on)--there are many artists around who are doing some truly impressive stuff and should be heard.

I am also constantly amazed at Laura's engaging style that keeps the proceedings consistently interesting. The guests always seem to be having a great time on her show. If you're at all interested in what's going on in the world of original music in Salt Lake City, you must tune in the Locals Only.



ANNOUNCES

Salt Lake Compilation Tape #11

all Salt Lake area
bands, recording artists, etc.
submit your recordings now!

all submissions may be considered for GAJOOB's future compilations and radio programs

submit

or send SASE for more info to:

GAJOOB
Dept. CT
P.O. Box 3201
Salt Lake City, Utah 84110





THEATRE OF ICE

Brent Johnson

Dale Garrard

Craig Moore

George Carlston

C/O Orphanage Records

PO Box 315

1702 W. Camelback Rd.

Phoenix, AZ 85015

available recorded material:

*The Haunting	1983
*Beyond the Graves of Passion	1984
*A Cool Dark Place to Die	1985
*Mouse Blood	1983-85
*The Resurrection	1986
*Love.... Is Like Dying	1984-86
*Live or Dead (C-90)	1987
Psychodrama/TOI (C-90)	1988
Listen to Your Mother	1988
In the Attic (7"EP)	1988
Mommy Stinks Real Bad Now (7"EP)	1988
+Live- Beyond the Graves of Utah	1988
More Fun Than You Deserve (Video)	1988
Murder the Dawn (LP)	1989

And over 20 compilation projects

all songs C-60, Orphanage except:

*Demented Mind Mill

+Harsh Reality

and formats as noted

Theatre of Ice (see interview in GAJOOB #1) is a semi-local band from Provo, getting lots of great reviews for their tapes in publications ranging from Option to Maximum Rock N Roll.

Their style of music can basically be categorized in the gloomcore vein; but as ALTERNATIVE PRESS puts it, "Most reviewers tend to accentuate campy grade B horror elements as the stuff of Theatre of Ice. But the band's hunger for content is far deeper than kitsch. Think of Poe's Blackcat as a reference point for their works. As in Poe, the suggestion of insanity always lays close to a formal artistic surface. Imagine Poe living in the contemporary family, and then you'll sense how Theatre of Ice flows through the dark night of domestic horror."

"Theatre of Ice sounds far more uncompromising than Bauhaus or The Cure in their search for sublime within the dark hidden regions of themselves. What stands revealed is the core connection between gothic rock and American Romanticism. Theatre of Ice is concerned not only with the geography of the soul but that of the American West. In this sense, their songs of premature burial take on a deep suggestiveness. The formal horror of Theatre of Ice is nothing less than the bizarre horror of the American West-- a land of nuclear test sites, animal carcass dumps and Mormon catacombs."--ALTERNATIVE PRESS (Cleveland, Ohio)

Brent Johnson, the band's spiritual father, describes the songmaking process like this: "We approach every song like painting a picture. The subject comes first, then the tones, colors and shades necessary to set the mood. The actual structure of the song (i.e. the tune) is the least important. We never set out to do something "different" or "original", nor do we attempt to be "mainstream"-- things just end up how they end up."

a quote from my great-great grandfather, John Barker Dunn, b. 4/2/1833

"My fishing and hunting commenced in 1864 by taking a 13# trout from Bloomington Creek. When fishing on the lake I used 140 seine and a boat. In May, 80 large trout and a few other fish were removed from the seine at a landing near the mouth of Swan Creek. During this time I was sending fish to Cache Valley, Brigham City, Plain City and Salt Lake City. Beaver were so numerous that a trapper could average four every day, but four head of elk was the most I ever killed in one day. I remember killing nine deer in a day. In the fore part of the winter of 1886, I bagged 56 deer. On one occasion, I happened to get three in one shot. Any hunter seldom came into camp without having meat in both hands and in the bush. I have captured and killed in my time 109 bears-- 58 while residing at North Ogden and 51 since living here in the valley. In 1908, when I was 75 years old, I trapped a silver tip in Georgetown Canyon, the hide measured ten feet in length; 23 gallons of oil was taken from this animal. Mrs. Dunn says the reason I am not bald is because I have used so much bear oil in my hair. We often have doughnuts fried in bear oil and find it useful in many other ways. I never happened to get mixed up in a bear fight, being too cowardly. Before removing the hide, I was always sure the bear was dead."

Billy the Kidd was born in Brooklyn, N.Y.



'zine reviews

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL #69

\$2

PO BOX 288

Berkeley, CA 94701

First off, MRR always has a great letters column if you enjoy reading people spout off about things they know absolutely nothing about (I do). Lots of the letters get into these dogmatic tirades about punk's proper place in society, which I'm getting extremely tired of. Anti-racist skinheads seem to be writing in a lot lately to let people know that not all skinheads are racists. There have even been some organizations started to espouse and somehow support this principle. Of course, in the hands of any true punkster, the wearing of principles on one's sleeve invariable becomes a cause.

But the best thing in MRR is the columns. There's Mykel Board, who seems to be a general misanthrope who loves to just piss people off. Eugene Chadbourne has started writing a column. He calls George Bush, "Just another thug," and tells everybody to cheer up by putting Georgy into perspective by looking at his presidency in relation to a worldwide view that sees him and his command as just a bunch of bumbling fools.

There's more, but those two columns by far are the best.

There's also lots of hardcore interviews (although lately they've been branching out into the fringes of underground performance artists also), and lots of scene reports and a new classified column. In my opinion, even with all the hubbub about the format and expansion and price increase (from \$1 to \$2), MRR hasn't really changed at all. There's a lot of talk about how they're hoping to change if only they can get their readers to help them out with articles, etc. But I guess nobody's exactly stumbling over pits of snakes on fire to get those needed submissions in. I really think they should have grown into the expansion first, even if it meant eating a bit of a loss for a few months (that's easy for me to say), before they increased the price-- because right now I'm paying \$2 for basically the same thing I got for \$1 just a few months ago. I'm not saying it's not worth \$2 though, because I always did think it was underpriced.

I recommend this to people who can't even stand punk, because it's good reading.

FLIPSIDE #58

\$1.50

PO Box 363

Whittier, CA 90608

Flipside doesn't have columns. Besides that, it's covering the same ground as MRR.

I actually like Flipside better though because it seems to have more of an overall cohesiveness to it. MRR seems like it's the product of a bunch of people thrown together to make one thing. That's not bad, but for this type of mag, I like Flipside better.

It's got Baboon Dooley, which I love. It's one of my favorite comics. They also answer more of their letters right in the letters column, whereas MRR only does this to supply additional info or to make editorial corrections (subject clarification). Flipside's record and tape reviews are worlds better than MRR's, which I don't like. Flipside also has a poetry page, but hardcore poetry starts to sound a little too samey for my tastes I'm afraid. Flipside has had classified for a long time, and I think that MRR finally gave in because they seem to be so popular. Lots of people trading bootlegs. Pen pal seekers are abundant also.

I like this mag.

AIRGLOW #5 & #6

\$1/2 issues

C/O T.L. Bohman

PO Box 14

East Thetford, VT 05043

Airglow is what is known as a personal 'zine, which is almost a published diary of sorts. People who put out personal 'zines simply write their own personal thoughts about things that actually happen to them. I like them.

Terry is an EMT, which makes for some interesting reading-- and he's a very fine writer, which makes it all the more enjoyable.

I'm looking forward to getting to know Terry through his 'zine, as each issue comes to my PO Box. There also seems to be an improvement from #5 to #6, and that's good too.

YOUR FLESH #14

\$2.50

3124 W. Calhoun Blvd. #405

Mpls. MN 55416

Here's another MRR/Flipside clone. But I like this one too. Its interviews are more in depth than the others. Its record and tape reviews are also a little better, and more than half of this issue is just that: reviews, reviews, reviews.

I'm getting sick of reviews. I'll never have the money for even a small percentage of the recordings these people keep shooting off over. Oh, well. There was also a Killdozer European tour diary in this issue. I always like tour diaries, even though they all seem about the same: Germany's cool, England sucks, people are cool just about everywhere but some places have more jerks than others.

I guess if I had to choose between the three punk/hardcore 'zines reviewed so far, I would choose MRR's letters, Flipside's replies to those letters, MRR's columns, no scene reports (they always suck, even the Utah ones), Your Flesh's record and tape reviews, Flipside's classifieds, Baboon Dooley and Your Flesh's Feret, and Forced Exposure's interviews. Oh, but I didn't review FE, did I?

FRED'S HELL #3

Fifty Cents

PO Box 82435

Fairbanks, AK 99708

They mention that they really want and would really love to have your submissions at least four different times in this issue. You know, it does get kind of tiring not being able to play God with anybody's work besides your own.

Fred's Hell has a definite feel to it. It's dark and forboding and little anarchistic. There's lots of poetry and creative bits of prose and stuff. Also lots of xerox collages, which I'm never too sure about. These are pretty good as far as collages go though. And Salt Lake's own Mike Carlson contributes some tape reviews (including Victims Willing). Lots of good artists in this issue.

455- #1

\$1

PO Box 8721

Kentwood, MI 49518

This little 'zine is aspiring to be Option, I think. I liked the Beatles' Revolver review-- reviewed as if it were released today. I liked that a lot. The interviews were good too. They call this 'zine, "The publication of suburban angst." There's a few articles and stuff inside to corroborate that.

Given all the good stuff inside, I'd still just as soon pay \$2 and get Option, which covers the same ground. Maybe I should give the little guy the benefit of my patronage though. But on second thought, I wish they would somehow attain some sort of identity they could call their own.

Maybe if this was free I wouldn't have written that last paragraph. Money stinks doesn't it?

LIFE COMICS & STORIES #2

Fifty Cents & a stamp

C/O Victor Gates

552 Lancelot Dr.

No. Salt Lake, UT 84054

This was my first exposure to mini-comics-- and it certainly won't be my last. To be honest, I like Victor's comics and his Dad's childhood reveries much less than I like the other stuff in this mini. I like the idea behind real life comic strips, which deal simply with everyday situations. I'm planning on checking into this mini-comic field a lot more thoroughly.

In this mini, there are some great poems by Jim Conatser and a pretty cool comic by Liam Brooks. Now that I think about it, I liked Jim's poems best of all. But the cool thing about minis is that they're hardly ever not worth the price of admission. And they're also good to reread over again.



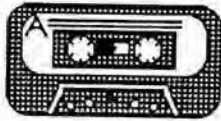
GIANTS

Stamp. Stamp. Stomping
Through piles of snow,
A child crunches and smashes

Buildings.
He can crush a skyscraper
With a single blow of
his miltened fist.
Smothering the village
With one kick of his boot,
He chuckles merrily
And jumps into the snow,
Rolling.
Sturdy and tall,
He trudges into the castle,
Shaking the chunks of buildings
That still cling to his clothes.
Walking into the warm castle,

He is enveloped in
Soft, warm arms.
And the castle is a home,
And the giant,
a child.

--Bryan Baker



cassettes

THE VIEW FROM BELOW

Various Bands Compilation

\$5 ppd.

Orphanage

PO Box 315

Phoenix, AZ 85015

This is the label wherein lurks Theatre of Ice. So this tape is characteristically dark and gothic. Local bands, Box Car Kids, Burial Benefits, Trees and semi-local TOI all have cuts here. "Love Like Napalm" by The Funeral Party and "The Real," by Box Car Kids are the standouts, but overall, this tape is pretty good for those times you feel like sinking really low. And the sound quality is consistently decent throughout-- but there are exceptions, as always.

A good tape to own.

PRIMITIVE MUSIC FOR THE MODERN MAN

Gamma Rays

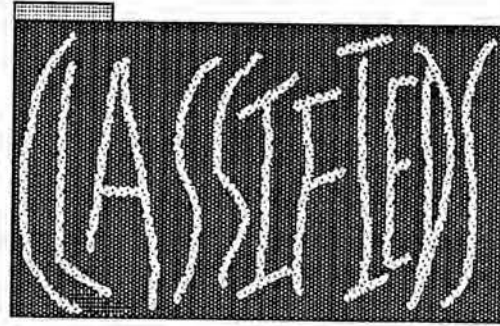
\$7 @ Grunts & Postures

Gamma Ray Info:

PO Box 3051

Salt Lake City, UT 84110

This tape is done with a kind of post-punk/surfer style. I like the style okay, and I kind of like this tape; but I feel slighted by the fact that there are only four original songs on it out of the twelve. The GRays have a fun disregard stigma attached to them-- at least it's a stigma to us alternative underground types that like reveling in our depression along with the accompaniment of blue chordal music. I would go so far as to say that maybe I'm just too cynical-- but the GRays' idea of fun is also highly cynical about fun --so I don't know. And \$7 is way too much to pay for an independent tape without such amenities as lyrics, gobs of inserts and the like. So, unless you happen to really like the Gamma Rays, I can't recommend this tape.



Classifieds are \$1-- 100 word limit.....

Local bi-monthly Amateur Press Association publication in the works now. Would like a 2-page minimum from each contributor. Works of art, the written word, or whatever. For more info on how APAs work, or more specific details about this particular one-- write to GAJOOB. Deadline for the 1st issue is March 16, 1989.



Watching the Streets

Watching the streets

I must beware

Watching the streets

It's everywhere

I am hunted

It will hunt me down

I make a wicked stand

And unleash the last latent fury locked up

Inside of me

Watching the streets from the outside

Watching the streets

From this littered alley

Where souls and pain often meet

The dead and the dying

At my feet

I'm watching the streets

And they're calling my name

I'm watching the streets

And they're calling my name

I can hear them

Underneath my feet

And they're calling my name

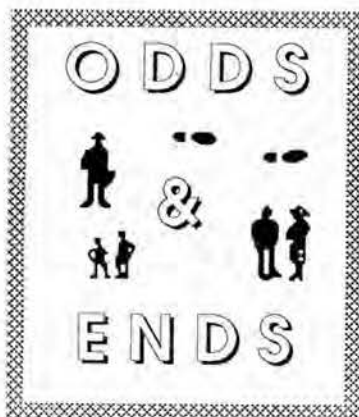
...t think about it-- just do it!
myself. Don't think about it-- just do
/hat if I'm wrong? Don't think about it--

o it! What if people hate me for it? Don't th
out it-- just do it! I can't do it. Don't th.
out it-- just do it! It's too hard. Don't thi.
out it-- just do it! It won't work. Don'
ink about it-- just do it! It's not in my cards
n't think about it-- just do it! It's stupid
n't think about it-- just do it! I'm stupid
n't think about it-- just do it! I just car
centrate. Don't think about it-- just do
so hard. Don't think about it-- just do
never done anything like this before. D
about it-- just do it! What makes

...n really accomplish something like th
k about it-- just do it! I'm a lo
about it-- just do it! No one c
think about it-- just do it!

about it-- just do it! I
ne. Don't think about
matters anyway. Do
st do it! I'm too ti
-- just do it! Why w
nk about it-- just d
ink about it-- just





A sudden gust of wind blew a portable toilet off the fourth floor of a building-- and crushed a construction worker to death. "It happened so quick there was nothing anyone could do," co-worker Raul Garcia told police. "It was a tragedy but it could have been worse.... Fortunately, no one was using the toilet."

Reports of flying pigs have been coming in from all over Spain after one hog was seen soaring over Seville. "This is a phenomenon we simply can't explain," a government spokesman said. "Apparently we have flying pigs everywhere."

A white South African farmer flogged a black man to death for accidentally killing his dogs-- and was set free with a five-year suspended sentence. The man was tied to a tree and whipped, punched and kicked. The farm owner admitted he also ordered other farm workers to take their licks at the helpless man who accidentally ran over the dogs after he'd started a tractor. A judge decided not to send the farmer to jail because it would put his 44 other black employees out of work. He ordered the farmer to pay the man's widow \$60 a month for five years to help support her four kids.

A 17-year old boy bet his brother \$3 he could stroll across a high-speed road near Larkfield, England, without getting hit, but he lost. He was struck by one car, flipped into the air and run over by a second car and died.

A construction worker owes his life to the six-foot iron rod that impaled him, angling through his belly and groin. The man's co-workers said he had been operating a crane when he was knocked over the edge of a nine-story parking garage by a heavy cement slab. He plunged three stories and crashed into the rod. The rod kept him suspended in the air until rescue workers cut him down. He was hospitalized in serious condition with facial, abdominal and groin injuries, but was lucid enough while they were freeing him from the spike to give his medical history.

A man who was being beaten by two acquaintances stabbed himself twice in the stomach, hoping his assailants would take pity on him and leave. "But they didn't and continued to beat me," the victim said in a statement to a Toronto, Canada, court.

Stunned officials say the plans they approved for a new \$34 million city jail in Jacksonville, Florida, are just fine except for one thing-- someone forgot to include cell doors.

A pet-groomer's knowledge of CPR paid off when a retired Greyhound racer keeled over-- and was brought back to life with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

School officials in Gilroy, California, want to pay an extra \$50,000 to make sure high school students don't hurt themselves by carrying their books to school. The money would be used to purchase an extra set of books that would be passed out and collected by teachers every day. That way, the kids can leave their books at home, and won't risk injury toting them back and forth.

A man tried to persuade a Philadelphia judge to give him a light sentence because he had been so neat and considerate while he was burglarizing four homes.

An accused child molester walked out of court a free man after a Grantham, England, judge ruled he had been seduced by the 4-year old girl victim.

A Chinese farmer, working in a field near Beijing, says he met a 7-foot tall Bigfoot who watched intently as he plowed several acres of land. The Bigfoot, said to be covered in reddish brown hair, waved his hand in a friendly goodbye when the farmer headed home at the end of the day. Chinese authorities are investigating the incident.

A drunk convict escaped from a prison farm near Jackson, Michigan, on a tractor, but was caught less than an hour later when he backed over a car in a state police parking lot.

The University of Wisconsin handed out 4,000 diplomas to graduates last spring, but it took six months for someone to notice the state's name was misspelled on all of them.

A bicyclist was struck and killed by an elderly motorist, who drove four miles to his home with the body and bike embedded in the windshield of his car, police said.

An angry motorist died when he lost control of his car while giving "the finger" to a woman who was driving to slow to suit him.

A do-it-yourself exorcist beat her best friend to death while trying to get rid of the demons that had tormented her for years. "I was only trying to help," the woman told reporters in Constance, West Germany.

It took Korean fishermen ten minutes to sift through the stomach contents of an 18-foot blue shark caught off the Japanese island of Hokkaido. The stomach contained eight fish, an empty propane tank, fifty large oysters, an 8-foot piece of a 2 by 4, a man's gold ring and a grill off a Toyota pickup.

A woman in Paris had surgery to remove a six-inch hair ball lodged in her stomach. She told doctors she licked her pet poodle "to get him nice and clean" and had swallowed the hair by accident.

Authorities ordered school children kept indoors after an eagle with an eight-foot wing span was spotted circling over the town.

A school in Bournemouth, England, banned hair gels and sprays after one boy's hair caught fire from a spark that came off a lathe in his woodworking class.

Farmers in Cuiaba, Brazil, are demanding a major government investigation to determine why hundreds of their hogs are exploding. "If you've never seen a pig blow up, maybe you can't imagine what a mess it makes. I walked out the other morning and three of my best boars exploded in less than five minutes-- kaboom, kaboom, kaboom. I had pig all over me! And three like that was no coincidence, I'm certain."

Police in Tulsa, Oklahoma, answering a call about a man holding a woman hostage, surrounded the wrong house-- and then shooed away the suspect when he tried to surrender.

A robber forced a group of McDonald's employees to lie on the floor, then cleaned out all the restaurant's cash registers while singing a rap song. "The suspect seemed very happy with his actions and was singing a song the whole time," said a Fort Worth police investigator.

A woman who entered a contest by wiring nine dead animals to a board in the shape of the radio station's call letters got in trouble with an animal welfare agency. The Seymour, Indiana, woman claimed the four squirrels, two opossums, two cats and a chicken were found dead on the road, but the agency said they didn't look run over.

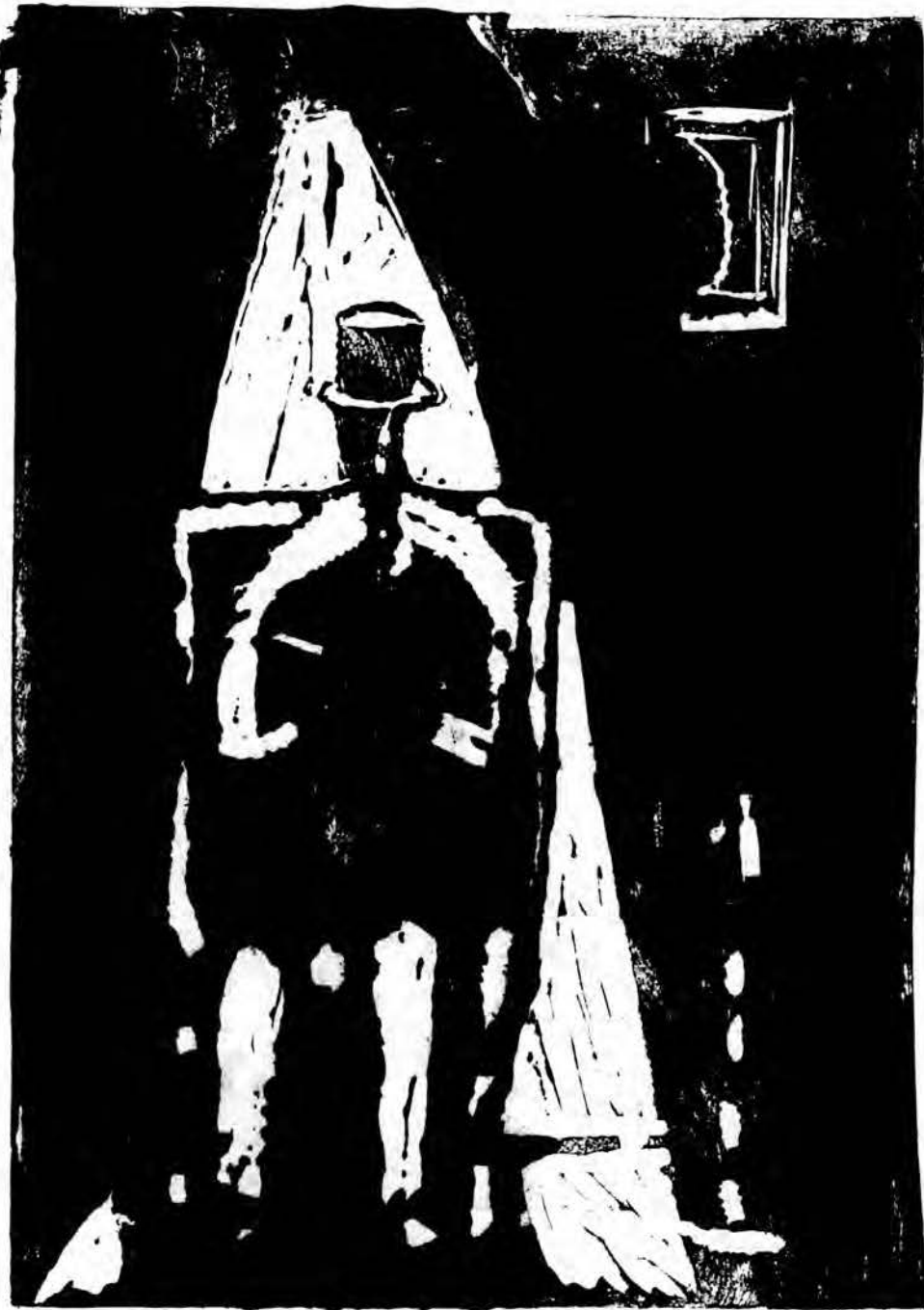
A cemetery worker in Abercynon, England, climbed out of the grave he was digging and died of a heart attack.

--From Weekly World News

"The best tabloid in the business!"--GAJOOB



Thanks for reading GAJOOB #2! Watch for #3, coming sometime in March. That's all....



Applegoon Productions

c/o Bryan Baker

P.O. Box 3201

Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

(801) 595-8969

SEND TO

A large, empty rectangular box for mailing address information.